

The glorious goal. Shall pagan Egypt bid  
The heavens be cloven with her pyramid?  
Shall Greece shrine Phidias in her Parthenon  
To live till fades the stars and dies the sun?  
Rome with her mighty Coliseum whelm  
The earth with awe, a peerless wondrous realm?  
And our free nation meanly shrink to write  
With lasting finger in the whole world's sight  
Grand Saratoga's glory? sound aloud,  
Song thy wide trumpet! let the heavens be bowed  
With Love of Country's wrathful thunders, till  
A reverent people, with united will  
Shall bid the Monument in sculptured art  
Rise, Freedom's visible form, our Land's embodied heart.